

Padawan Relaxation

by Wolf1291

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Summary: After a long day of playing the good Jedi the galaxy requires her to be, Ahsoka is tired and in serious need of some relaxation. Her good friend, Barriss recommended her a very special way to relax that should make her happy - so happy, in fact, that I have to rate this short story M.

Padawan Relaxation

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"You're cute. What do they call you?"

"A-Ahsoka."

"Ahsoka", the brunette woman in front of her repeated, "a beautiful name."

Hazel eyes mustered the orange teen.

"I'm Sonja", the woman introduced herself, "You seem nervous. Is this your first time with us?"

The young padawan nodded shyly.

"But you do know what kind of service we provide?"

Ahsoka blushed and nodded again.

Sonja smirked.

"Then I'll be extra gentle with you", she breathed.

Sonja stood up from the chair she had been sitting in.

"You're a Togruta", she stated, "I so do love working with Togruti."

Your kind has most wonderful reactions."

"They â€" we do?"

The brown-haired woman nodded.

"_Most_ wonderful, you'll see."

Sonja handed Ahsoka a small data tablet.

"I need your signature, though. Don't worry, just bureaucracy. Says that you're doing this of your own will, that you consent to my touching you, yadda yadda yadda â€" everything we need to avoid being sued by unsatisfied customers."

She winked at the shy Togruta.

"Of course it's my job to make sure you won't leave unsatisfied, but you know, the boss really wants you to sign this."

Ahsoka pressed her thumb onto the designated area on the tablet until a control light turned green, then handed the tablet back to the smiling woman.

"Thank you for your trust", Sonja said, then handed her a small basket, "I'll leave the room for a moment. Our customers don't usually like to be watched when they undress. Put all your clothes in here and the basket below the table, then lie down onto the table here â€" on the belly will be fine â€" and call me."

Sonja patted the massage table between her and Ahsoka, then turned to leave.

"Don't I need a â€| towel or something?"

"No", the brunette replied, "We're both women, aren't we? There's no need for a towel."

And thus she left.

Ahsoka's hands were softly quivering when she reached for her boots and took them off. She placed them under the table, then undid her gloves and put them in the basket.

She was crazy, she thought as she undid her belt, crazy!

Still, she kept undressing.

The belt disappeared into the basket. Slowly, she reached behind her neck and opened her dress. She hesitated for a moment, then reached down and pulled the red fabric over her head; it too was swallowed by the wooden container, as were her black stockings.

So here I am, she thought, _wearing nothing but my undergarments, undressing for a complete stranger._

The sport bra she was usually wearing beneath her dress was next. And as she pulled it over her head, her breasts plopped out of it with a very loud smacking noise. Of course the sound was very soft, in truth, but it felt really loud, to her â€| almost as loud as her

heart, and by the stars, her heart was going wild from excitement.

She stopped for a moment and pushed her breasts together. They were still small. Barriss had told her she thought them cute, so she was hoping they wouldn't grow much, anymore, but still, she was conscious about them. And " she noticed with some surprise, her nipples were hard as rock.

You're a pervert, Ahsoka, she scolded herself, _what would you do if Master Skywalker saw you like this?_

The young Togruta shivered. She raised her hands behind her head and stuck her chest out.

"Do you like what you see, master?", she asked shyly and grinned, but just an instant later, she covered herself up with her hands.

Master Skywalker? See her like this? They had " been close with each other before, her master and she, and they had done some things " things that they had both enjoyed immensely but that they have taken great care to keep secret from the rest of the Jedi Order. The idea of showing herself off to him like this aroused her greatly, but "

"I'd die", she mumbled with a blush, "I'd most definitely die. And if I don't, I'd bury myself."

Perhaps it was a good thing this Sonja was a stranger, after all. She didn't know if she could do this with anybody she knew.

She took a deep breath and grasped her panties with both hands.

One last piece.

The young padawan closed her eyes and pulled her panties down quickly, put them into the basket, closed the basket and placed it under the table.

Her eyes wandered to her crotch and came to rest on her pubic markings.

She wasn't weird, was she?

She carefully traced them with her finger. She had always been quite fond of them but what would Sonja think?

_Seriously, Ahsoka,_that's_ what you're worried about?_

She shook her head and laid down onto the massage table, face down.

I " I need to call her.

She opened her mouth. Her heart was racing, now, she could feel the whole table vibrate in sync with her quick heartbeat. She couldn't do it.

After a few quick breaths to calm down, she tried gain.

"ssonsha", she mumbled.

Come on, pull yourself together!

It was funny. She fought battle droids, leaped into abysses, had battleships explode around her â€| and she was scared of the eyes of an ordinary woman.

"S-S-Sonja!", she said, a bit louder, this time, "I â€" I'm ready."

It took a moment, but the woman in the simple blue shirt and the long white trousers eventually returned.

"Good, are you comfortable?"

"Yes", Ahsoka breathed, her racing heart prevented her from saying anything more.

"You have a very nice body", Sonja commented as she applied some massage oil to her hands, "Your boyfriend is a very lucky man."

"I â€" I don't have a â€| boyfriend."

"No? Girlfriend? Be honest with me, we don't judge, here."

"I â€" I am a Jedi. We â€| we aren't â€| we're forbidden ..."

"You are?!"

Sonja sounded honestly upset.

"How horrible!", she exclaimed, "But there must be somebody you like?"

"Well â€| there's ..."

The young Togruta fell silent.

"Go on, Ahsoka, I won't tell a soul."

She hesitated. Was it really alright, to tell Sonja about â€|

"Her name is Barriss. She's â€| she's a padawan like me, a Jedi learner."

"Thank you", Sonja said as she walked to the end of the table where Ahsoka's feet were.

"I'm ready. Lets start with your legs, shall we? Can I touch you? Do you want me to?"

"I â€| I signed the paper, didn't I?"

"Yes, but it's just a paper. Quick, non-personal, necessary. I want you to say it."

"You â€| you can â€| touch me", Ahsoka mumbled almost inaudibly.

"No, no, this won't do", her masseuse protested, "Say it louder. Louder! Repeat after me: _Yes Sonja, you can touch me._"

"Y-yes, Sonja, you can touch me."

"_I want you to touch me._"

"I â€" I want you to â€" touch me", Ahsoka echoed. Her heart was now as loud as a starship drive.

"_Please touch me and make me feel wonderful._"

"Please â€" please touch me and â€" make me â€" make me feel â€" wonderful."

"Very good, Ahsoka", Sonja teased, then grabbed one of the nervous teen's feet by her ankle. Ahsoka twitched.

"Don't be so tense", Sonja protested as she slowly started to knead Ahsoka's foot, "See? Nothing to be tense about, just my hand gently massaging you.."

Ahsoka tried to relax. Her heart was thundering and she could feel her pulse all throughout her body, but gradually, she grew more accustomed to being touched.

"So this Barriss?", Sonja asked, "Tell me more. Is she beautiful?"

"I â€" I guess?"

Sonja's nimble fingers found their way in-between Ahsoka's toes.

"Don't guess, be honest."

"She â€" I think she's beautiful."

"Is she a Togruta too?"

"No, she's a Mirialan."

The gentle woman slid her fingers in-between the orange toes.

"Oh, a greenskin. Yes, a lot of them come by. I believe their culture has a problem with exposed skin, so rather than change their culture, they come here to receive their guilty pleasures in confidence. Was it her who recommended us to you?"

"Y-yes."

Done with Ahsoka's feet, Sonja started to move her hands up one of the orange legs slowly. The pressure was relaxing, she could feel her leg gradually become softer.

"Such firm legs, you Jedi must do a lot of running."

"Oh yes, lot of running."

Ahsoka grimaced.

"And jumping and walking and crawling and climbing. We often don't get to use gliders."

"You poor thing, you must be so tired", Sonja breathed, "Relax, I'll make it all better."

As if to prove her point, Sonja pushed her thumbs harder into Ahsoka's calf.

"Tell me", Sonja demanded, "You and this Mirialan girlfriend of yours â€" Barriss â€" did you ever â€" get intimate?"

"Just â€" just hugs and kisses."

"Oh? Where does she usually kiss you?"

"My â€" my cheek."

"Just your cheeks?"

Sonja sounded disappointed.

Ahsoka blushed.

"Our masters are keeping a close eye on us, we can rarely risk anything more. We â€" we have secretly kissed each other on the lips, though."

This was supposed to remain a secret. If her master or Barriss' got notion of this, the both of them would be in serious trouble. Why was she telling Sonja so much?

"I'm jealous", Sonja interrupted her thoughts, "I bet your lips are wonderfully soft."

"I â€" I wouldn't know."

"No? Should we find out?"

Thump! Ahsoka's heart skipped a beat.

"I â€" I â€" I ...", she stammered.

But Sonja only chuckled.

"I'm just teasing you", she said, "Unfortunately, I'm not allowed to actually kiss you."

Satisfied with Ahsoka's right leg, the masseuse turned her attention to the other.

"So hard ...", she commented, "but tell me, do you like being kissed by Barriss? Is she good at it?"

"She â€" she's the only person I ever kissed like that, so I don't know if she's good at it but â€" "

Ahsoka lowered her voice and blushed.

"Yes, I do like it", she mumbled.

Sonja chuckled again.

"You're honest. I like you."

The young Togrutu girl twitched when Sonja switched from her legs to her butt cheeks. It wasn't uncomfortable, but it had been unexpected, and it slightly tickled.

"Hm â€¦ firm, but not too hard", she commented, "Luscious. I'd bite it, if only I was allowed to."

Ahsoka shivered. Sonja was vigorously kneading her butt, now, and although it felt very strange and unusual, she started to like it.

"Can you think about it, at least? Can you imagine my biting you?"

Sonja arched her fingers and used her fingernails to gently claw at Ahsoka's butt as if they were teeth. It tickled and forced Ahsoka to chuckle softly.

"A very nice butt", Sonja commented, "But let's move further up, shall we?"

Sonja grabbed Ahsoka by the waist and pushed down with a lot of force to massage her thoroughly.

Slowly, she moved her hands up and further up, gradually forcing all of Ahsoka's back to relax.

"You're so stiff! Don't you know it's important to relax?"

No kidding, before Sonja massaged her, Ahsoka hadn't even known her body was capable of feeling so relaxed. She liked it; she liked it a lot.

Ahsoka sighed as more and more of her body started to fall into a gentle state of relaxation.

"There, that's better, isn't it?", Sonja asked as she massaged the orange shoulders in front of her.

"Oh Sonja, you're wonderful", Ahsoka moaned, "Where have you been all my life?"

"Right here, waiting for you."

The young padawan smiled and closed her eyes.

After her shoulders, Sonja kneaded her arms, then relaxed her neck. Ahsoka had to bite her lips or she would have started to purr like a contented little Nexu cub. Sonja's hands weren't particularly large, but they were very, very skilled.

"Let's turn you around."

Gentle hands pushed the relaxed orange teen to one side of the table,

then pulled at her and rolled her onto her back. Ahsoka let it happen, she didn't mind being seen by Sonja, anymore, she just wanted the relaxation to persist.

"You look happy, Ahsoka", Sonja teased as she applied more massage oil to her hands, "Do you want me to continue?"

"Continue?", Ahsoka echoed, "Absolutely! Don't stop!"

Sonja smiled.

She walked around the table and started with Ahsoka's feet, again, then slowly worked her way up the orange legs that now felt so very heavy and let her nimble fingers dance closer and closer to Ahsoka's crotch.

"Ah!"

The orange teen moaned softly. Sonja had pushed down on her just a bit above her crotch. Far enough to avoid touching her genitals directly, but close enough that the pressure still yielded some sexual pleasure. She could feel herself grow wet.

"Yes, this spot is special", the skilled masseuse commented as she repeatedly pressed down on it and massaged it with slow, circular motions, sending more pleasure up the young Togruta's spine, "But I see another spot that needs my attention."

Slowly, she detached her hands from Ahsoka's mons and walked them up the orange belly.

"I love your belly", she stated as she crept higher, "You feel very warm â€" like Muschka."

"What's _Muschka_?"

"My pet", Sonja breathed, "My small playful Nekarr cub. She likes to have her white belly rubbed."

Sonja brushed her hand up and down Ahsoka's well-trained abdomen and massaged her with strong pushes.

"Hmmm â€" you're almost as soft as she, but then I guess she _does_ have more fur, doesn't she?"

"I â€" I'm not a cub ...", Ahsoka protested weakly.

"No...", Sonja breathed, "I guess I need to find a different spot to make you purr."

She started moving both her hands up again. Slowly, but always crawling closer to Ahsoka's breasts.

Ahsoka's breath grew deeper. It had been very relaxing, up to now, but now, the anticipation of what was to come was killing her.

"Actually â€" I see _two_ spots that require a _lot_ of my attention â€" "

And with that, Sonja caught Ahsoka's nipples in-between her fingers.

The young padawan gasped.

"Yeeees...", her masseuse whispered, "Look how hard you are in these spots."

She gently pinched the ochre nipples and softly tugged on the dark buds.

"I must massage you thoroughly."

And she did. Ahsoka groaned softly when Sonja started to move her hands in a circular motion.

"Hm â€¦", Sonja hummed, "You're very pleasing to touch. Is my touch pleasing to you?"

Ahsoka's chest was softly heaving up and down.

"Yes", she breathed, "You're very good at this."

Sonja didn't say anything but only smiled in reply.

After a while, one of the gentle hands massaging her tits started sliding down her front, again.

"Are you ready?", Sonja asked.

"R-ready? Ready for w-ah!"

"Ready for _this,_ of course."

Sonja's hand had slid into Ahsoka's crotch and was tenderly pressing a finger against the young Togruta's lust centre, slowly moving it up and down and in a circular motion.

The movement was gently moving her legs apart and Ahsoka let it happen.

"Ah!", she gasped again, "S-Sonja! That feels ..."

"Strange?"

"Good!"

Sonja chuckled.

"I'm happy to hear that."

She sped her hand up a bit, and moved it in a more irregular fashion.

"Ah! â€¦ Ah! Nh â€¦ by the.. FORCE!"

Ahsoka started to rock her hips up and down in response to Sonja's touches. She wasn't surprised by the new kind of massage â€" after all, that was what she had paid for â€" but she _was_ surprised by

how nice it felt. Barriss had described it to her, of course, but feeling it for herself â€|

"Oh, that's cute", her naughty masseuse commented.

The hand on her chest pinched her nipple again, and she twitched.

"You're so _sensitive._"

Yes, yes she was. Ahsoka tilted her head up and aside. She was breathing heavily, now.

"Don't stop", she pleaded, "Don't â€" hah! Nh â€| oooh"

She groaned. Sonja had sped up yet again and the finger in her crotch was simply overwhelming.

"Stop?", Sonja asked amusedly, "Why would I do something so silly? It's my job to keep going. It's my job to make you feel _wonderfulâ€|_ again and again and again"

Ahsoka moaned.

"Oh! Barriss warned â€" ah! She â€| warnh â€" me, I might â€| Oh, gods, do that again!"

"Hm? Like this?"

"Yes! Yes, like that! Ah!"

The young Togruta arched her back rhythmically in sync with her quick and deep breaths.

Sonja's fingers danced over her sensitive orange skin that was wet with sweat and â€| more naughty bodily juices and she pushed into her movements to join the carnal dance.

Strangely enough, she wasn't embarrassed at all â€" not anymore. Shame and other such feelings were an unwelcome distraction, now, and she pushed them away and gave herself wholly to her pleasure.

"Sonjah!", she moaned, "Sonja, I'm close! I'm â€" nh! Force preserve me!"

"Oh, Force this, Force that! Forget about this Jedi stuff, you're not here to be a Jedi; you're here to be a _woman_."

Sonja moved more violently and pushed hard into the twisting Togruta's little sensitive knob in her crotch.

"I want you to forget you're a Jedi. You're a woman and nothing but."

Ahsoka bit her lip to better endure Sonja's new onslaught.

"Go ahead, moan for me, little girl", her masseuse demanded, "be as loud as you please; these rooms are sound-proofed. Nobody will hear you â€| nobody but I."

Sonja's erotic touches sent shivers up Ahsoka's spine and right into her brain. It was getting hard to think, but she didn't mind. Her body was strangely relaxed from the massage before yet tense from the pleasure and anticipation she was feeling.,

"Sonja!", she forced out, "You're ... ah! You're â€| you're â€" ooohh!"

Who cares what she was? Right now, Ahsoka only wanted her to keep doing that.

"Hhhhahhh!"

She was close, so very close â€| still a bit too scared to let go, but in a few moment, it would not be her decision, anymore.

"Come, my cute Ahsoka", Sonja breathed, "Let's blow away your distracting thoughts. Relax, let me work my magic."

"Ah!"

The young Togruta twitched.

"Stars!", she moaned, "If you keep doing that â€| yeh!"

Ahsoka's eyes rolled up into her head. Her body was quivering and her thoughts all but gone.

She moaned loudly one last time, then her body went into spasm and her vision turned blank as she came in an orgasm that shook the very core of her being.

Her vision was hazed, still, when she re-opened her eyes.

Ahsoka glanced up at the woman who had brought her pleasure.

"That was amazing", she commented, slightly out of breath.

"Was?", her masseuse asked, "What makes you think we're done?"

"Hm? But â€| but I came."

Sonja chuckled.

"Don't be silly. Our services don't end with the first orgasm â€" that's something our customers could get for free at home."

"Then ..."

"M-hm, we just warmed up. Come, let's turn you onto your belly and I'll get serious."

The young Togruta let herself be turned around again and Sonja renewed the massage of her orange back.

"Mmmh, you do have a nice body", she commented, "Well-toned, but soft where it needs to be, sensitive â€| and I always was envious of your kind's lekku."

"Our â€| our lekku?"

Sonja let her hands glid up over the orange shoulders and the neck and grasped the the young padawan's lekku with both hands.

"Ah!"

Ahsoka twitched as electricity coursed through her body.

"Be careful, they are sensitive!"

Very sensitive, in fact. Touching them was considered highly erotic amongst her people â€| or so she had read at the Jedi temple, it's not like she could have asked her master to try it out. She had been wanting to ask Barriss to touch her, but she had always been to embarrassed to actually ask.

"Oh, I know", Sonja breathed, "They are the reason I love to work with you Togruti."

She started to slowly knead Ahsoka's head-tails and although the young girl flinched and twitched, Sonja didn't stop.

"But it's unfair", her masseuse complained, "We humans won't ever get to feel this kind of pleasure from our bodies."

Sonja's nimble finger slid up all the way to where Ahsoka's lekku joined, then back again, slowly, carefully, and it sent a strange pleasure through the young Togruta unlike any she's ever felt before.

Ahsoka gritted her teeth and closed her eyes.

"See? Doesn't this feel wonderful?"

The orange victim said nothing â€" she couldn't. '_Wonderful' _was an understatement, the pleasure filled her every _thought!_ She couldn't talk, couldn't moan, she could hardly even breathe!

"Don't hold it in, Ahsoka", her relentless masseuse suggested, "It's ok to lose control."

"If â€| if I give in now ...", the orange teen started.

"Do it. Trust me."

Sonja twisted her hand and slid a thumb into the fold where Ahsoka's left lek joined her back lek.

"I'm here to make you forget everything", she breathed, "Let go."

Ahsoka shrieked. The thumb in her lekku's fold â€" it could as well have been in her brain â€" had started to move in a soft circular pattern, and the pleasure she felt from it very nearly drove her over the edge.

"I'm scared!"

"Everybody is, the first time, but don't worry, you're safe with me."

"Will I â€¦ will I remain sane?"

Her masseuse chuckled.

"Let's find out, shall we?"

Sonja moved the thumb more quickly and applied more force to where the lekku joined.

Ahsoka bit down on her own teeth with all her might, but it cost her everything she had to avoid giving in.

"Let go", Sonja repeated.

The devious woman stuck her other thumb in-between Ahsoka's lekku on the other side of her head and started massaging her there in a very similar fashion.

Her brain violated thus, any further attempt at resistance was futile. With no way out, she caved in to Sonja's murderous touches.

"Yaaaaaah!"

Ahsoka screamed as she came and let the pleasurable feeling in her brain swallow her.

"Very good, Ahsoka. Scream! Scream to your heart's content! Hold nothing back!"

The young Togruta clawed at the table beneath her.

"Goooods! Aaah! Haah! Help!"

She tried to get up and escape, but Sonja pushed her back down onto the table and continued.

"No, no, no, no, no, stay. Relax."

"Please!", Ahsoka begged, "I can't â€" Yaaah!"

"Yes, yes you can."

Sonja rhythmically slid her fingers back and forth. Into the folds of Ahsoka's lekku, out of them again and back in.

"Help!", the shaking teen screeched, "Help me!"

"You're a wild one", Sonja commented as she pushed Ahsoka down again, "lots of fire in you."

"No, aah! Sonja!"

Ahsoka tried again to get up, but Sonja made very sure she could not.

"Hmmm â€¦ _lots _of fire. Does this feel good?"

"Noh, shtop! Sss-ss-top!"

The twisting Togruta moaned. It felt good, it felt way too good. Her brain was on fire and every fiber of her body burned with hot white passion. It was great â€| but scary, so very, very scary.

"Please! Donh- naah!"

"Oh, I love you Togruti. Let me tickle you here."

"Aaah!"

"Ah, sorry. More on this side, right?"

"Yaaaaah! No! Not there! Don't!"

Ahsoka screamed louder. Had she been wet from Sonja's initial massage before, she was positively flooding, now, and although her mad masseuse never touched her nether regions, they made a wet sound every time Ahsoka moved.

Subconsciously, the young padawan started to grind her hips against the massage table, and the pleasure she got from that mixed with the one she got from he lekku.

She rubbed herself against the table in a forceful, erotic dance, and she loved the sensual touch of the soft leather that was brushing against her nipples. She moaned.

"I â€" I'm going mad! Mad! Ah!"

"Yes, go mad!".

The unrelenting torturer grabbed the quivering lekku at the base and massaged them forcefully.

"Scream!", she demanded, "Twist! Turn! It won't save you!"

The orange teen started shaking. She stopped grinding and instead bit into the massage table with the force of a madman. She growled like an animal as Sonja's hands incessantly flew over her lekku, and she thought about resisting, then her body shook and everything turned white.

"Aaaaaah!"

Ahsoka howled, she howled until her throat was sore, and when she couldn't howl anymore, she moaned. Orgasmic pleasure ripped through her body and tore at her consciousness, but Sonja never ceased, never stopped. Always, the gentle murder tools found new ways to make her scream.

"Shaaaap!", she screeched.

Her eyes rolled up into her head. If she could have concentrated, she would have used the force to push Sonja away, but she couldn't. Her thoughts were too erratic, her mind too chaotic. All she could do was hang on to the table and pray for the pleasure to stop... it didn't.

"Haaaah! Haaaaaaa! Shonyaaah! Shonja!"

"Yes?", Sonja asked, almost innocently.

"Shohp! Shooohp! Sh-aaah!"

But Sonja didn't stop. Quite on the contrary, the scary masseuse sped up and applied more force to her touches.

"I can't do that, Ahsoka. Not until you're completely satisfied."

"I'm sashfied! I'm sashfied!"

"No, you're not. Look, you're still able to scream."

Sonja's hand slid deep into the quivering mass on Ahsoka's head and tickled at its core.

"You â€" aah! Ah! No! Yaaah!"

Another orgasm ripped through the poor helpless Togruta, but still, Sonja showed no intention to slow down.

"Pleashe!", Ahsoka wailed, "I-h tireh! Leme resht!"

"Rest? No, no, _way_ too early to rest."

Again, Ahsoka tried to push herself up and again, she was pushed down onto the table.

"No! No! Help!"

"Shh, it's alright, I'm here."

"Help!", Ahsoka screamed again, but none was coming.

Soon, another orgasm was forced onto her â€| and another â€| and another.

"Fuck me!", the wildly but aimlessly flailing orange teen wailed, "Rape me! Anything! Just stop violating my lekku!"

Sonja chuckled.

"Oh, you're so cute. I wish I could, but sorry, no can do. I still need my job."

She affectionately squeezed the near-mad padawan's hind-lek and Ahsoka howled.

"Mmmhm, gods, I'm jealous of your lekku. Why couldn't we humans have things like these?"

"You can have them!", Ahsoka shrieked, "I'm giving them to you! Just stop! Stop!"

"Don't say such horrible things, Ahsoka. They are your precious lekku, we must take _very_ good care of them, don't we?"

Sonja slid her hand along the glistening lekku with big movements.

"Look how sad they are that you would abandon them. I must cheer them up."

Ahsoka twitched "no, she veritably jerked.

"I'm sorry! Ah! Sorry! I love my lekku! I love my lekku!", she babbled, "I love my lekku, I won't give them to you! I'm sorry! Just please! Please! Please, please, please, please, please stop torturing them! Stop torturing "shop dordur" no! Ah! Aaaaah!"

Yet another orgasm ripped through her soul.

"See how nice they are to you, Ahsoka? They love you too, that's why they make you feel so good."

"I love my lekku! I love my lekku!"

Ahsoka grabbed the edge of the massage table and pulled herself closer to it.

"What are you doing, Ahsoka?"

Sonja didn't stop her, but she did keep massaging her forcefully.

"There's no escape from me", she hummed, "I won't stop until you've come to your heart's content."

"I love my lekku!", Ahsoka moaned, then rolled over the edge and dropped to the ground. She landed on all fours and finally, Sonja stopped for a moment.

"Love my lekku", Ahsoka mumbled semi-consciously as she crawled away from the table, "love my lekku."

She pulled herself up at the wall and lurched to her feet.

"Where are you going, Ahsoka?"

"No "no!"

Sonja used her elbows to push the helpless young padawan against the wall, then slid her hands back in-between Ahsoka's lekku.

"No, my lekku!"

"Hmmm "wonderful lekku, don't you think? And so sensitive."

"I love my lekku!"

Her masseuse chuckled again.

"And they love you. Look how happily they dance beneath my touches."

She kneaded the soft tails carefully. Ahsoka shrieked.

"Yaah! I love my lekku! Ah! Shonyah! My lekh- !"

The young Togruta was drooling, now. She couldn't see anything, her eyes had long rolled up into her head, and even if she could have seen anything, her mind was in no state to register it.

"Aaaah!", she moaned, "Aah, Shonyah! Shooohp! Shop!"

She wanted to kick at the cruel masseuse, but she lacked the strength to pull her foot off the ground. In fact, it cost her everything she had just to keep standing.

"Soon, Ahsoka, soon."

"Yaaaaah! Ah! Aaaaaah!"

Ahsoka beat the wall in frustration and clawed at it with her fingernails, but Sonja pushed into her back more strongly and continued.

"No! Noh! Pleashe! Please â€¦ n-ah!"

The orange teen shook violently as her next orgasm ripped her apart. She couldn't stand anymore and let herself fall backwards into Sonja's waiting arms. Still spasming and fighting hard to breathe, she was picked up and put back onto the massage table.

Only barely conscious, Ahsoka stared at the ceiling above her. She had just time enough to notice Sonja was sliding her vicious fingers up her quivering lust cave, then the next orgasm shredded her brain and everything went dark.

* * *

><p>Ahsoka was still lying naked on the massage table, when she came to. Her body was heavy and she could barely move.<p>

Sonja was sitting on a chair next to her and carefully watched the young Togruta. Her masseuse was sweating and exhausted, but she was smiling.

"Good morning, Ahsoka", she greeted her cheerfully, "How was it?"

"We â€¦ we're done?" Ahsoka asked carefully, "This is not a trick? You're not going to give me another orgasm?"

The gentle woman chuckled.

"Not unless you want me to", she answered with a wink.

Relieved, Ahsoka closed her eyes, leaned back and sighed. Her skin â€" and especially her lekku â€" were happily tingling from the â€¦ massage, for want of a better expression. She smiled.

"Scary, intense, and I thought I'd lose my mind."

She opened her eyes again and glanced at Sonja.

"But ...", she mumbled and blushed, "â€| it was wonderful."

"I'm very happy to hear that."

Sonja stood up and Ahsoka flinched, when she reached for her, although without reason, for the gentle hand only went on to caress her cheek.

"Will you be coming back, somewhen? You could bring your girlfriend, you know? I'd get a colleague and the two of you could hug and kiss each other while we massage you. How does that sound?"

Ahsoka imagined Barriss' lying on top of her â€| or perhaps beneath her? She could almost feel her friend's quivering green body and â€|

Her blush grew brighter and she shyly nodded.

"I â€" I'll talk to her about it", she mumbled.

* * *

><p>Author's Note

This short story was inspired by a picture that was in turn inspired by my longer fanfiction, "A Fury in Orange and Silver".

(For those of you who've been following me there: don't worry, that story will soon receive an update.)

The fanfiction you can find here on FF (check my profile).

The picture was drawn by "varjopihlaja" from deviant art.

You can find it in its full glory here: [varjopihlaja . deviantart \[dotcom\] /art/NSFW-Commission-Not-my-lekku-599947845](http://varjopihlaja.deviantart.com/art/NSFW-Commission-Not-my-lekku-599947845)

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